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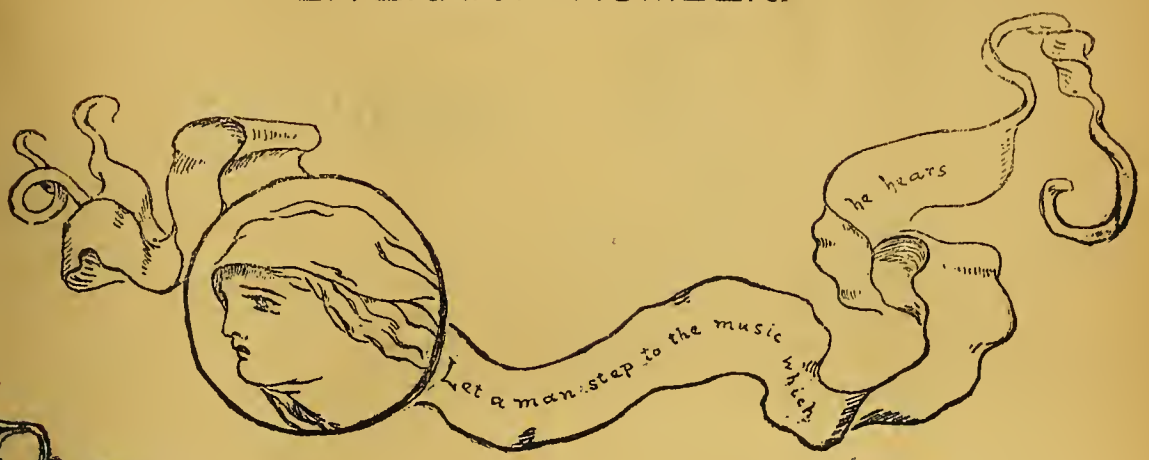

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO. XII.

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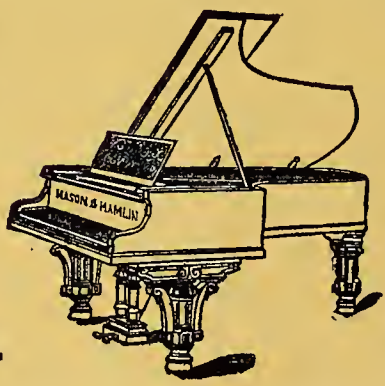

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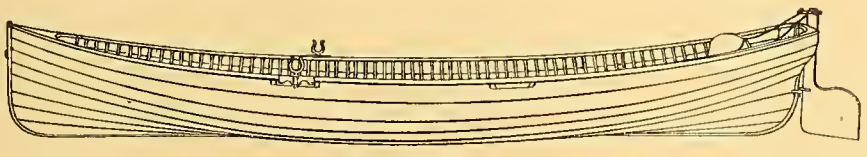

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. III. NEWTON, MASS., DECEMBER 5, 1891. NO. 12

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price $2.00 a year.
Weekly copies 5 cents. Monthly copies 15 cents.

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HELEN R. STAHR, '94. ELEANOR RUDDLE, '93.
ETHEL STANWOOD, '94. ANNIE SYBIL MONTAGUE, '79.

MISS CAROLINE MUDGETT, SP.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Annie Sybil Montague, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent *in all cases,* to Helen Eager, Wellesley College, Wellesley Mass.

Advertisements should be addressed to Mr. Fred W. Walker, 74 Tremont street, Room 21, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Post Office, Newton, Mass.

EDITORIAL.

During the past week, President Shafer met the senior class and discussed with them informally the general question of college annuals. The senior class appreciated the kindness of President Shafer in thus meeting with them on common ground, and were very grateful for the opportunity of discussing freely with a member of the faculty, a question in which they were deeply interested. It is a matter of regret that such conferences between faculty and students do not occur oftener. A free interchange of opinion between the governing and the governed of our college must be of benefit to both bodies. To both, the honor and well-being of the college is very dear. Both are equally desirous of the best conditions for study and work, and both hold only the highest ideals of government. A problem is never satisfactorily solved until it is viewed in every light and from every standpoint, and if many of the questions which often agitate our college concerning its policy, its academic work, or its student-life, could be regarded and discussed from the standpoint of both students and faculty, they would be settled more easily and to the greater satisfaction of both bodies. In every college there is more or less protest from time to time among the students against laws and rules, which, in spite of themselves, they see to be reasonable and neeessary. This protest arises from the instinct for self-government; which is inborn in the heart of every one of us. The student sees that certain decisions are just and necessary, but she would be more ready to acknowledge them as such and act according to them if she had had a small voice in settling them. College laws are made for the student, and it seems only just that she, an intelligent, earnest woman, desirous of the highest good of herself and her college, should occasionally take part in openly discussing them with the faculty. The standpoints of the two bodies which make up our college are necessarily different, and it must sometimes happen that the two bodies disagree. The full expression of opinion, however, cannot fail to bring about a better understanding between them and, as a result, an increase in mutual kindly feeling. An occasional conference between faculty and students would tend to strengthen the bond of unity and sympathy between them. It would awaken interest in matters of general college importance, and increase the feeling of loyalty among the students for their alma mater. If these discussions could be made a feature of our college life, the work of governing the college would be made more easy, and there would be less protest among the students against necessar college law.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

The two interpreters of poetry within the last quarter of a century, who have done most to further the new movement in literary studies, are Matthew Arnold and John Campbell Shairp.

The principle of Arnold's philosophy of criticism is represented in the two expressions: "Culture is an inward perfection, the knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world," and "poetry is a criticism of life."

Shairp, that genuine Highlander, who, whenever he went to Oxford to lecture upon poetry, carried with him the freshness of the heather and the health of the fens, has presented his creed in the following: — "Were any young man to make a serious study of Percy's Reliques and Scott's Minstrelsy of the Border, mastering all the history, legend, and incident that cluster about each, and further compare and illustrate by the Iliad and the Odyssey, he would give himself the finest, the most inspiring poetic education that is possible in our age."

Knowing the standards which these two great teachers formed, and feeling the beauty and truth of their devotion to their work, one is led to ask, "What are we in our schools and colleges doing to put ourselves in touch with such methods and to fill us with such enthusiasm for our work?"

Much of the instruction with us has been devoted to a minute and careful study of the language rather than to a genuine and hearty assimilation of the life and spirit as revealed in the literature of the ages. Our teachers, fresh from the study of the ancient classics, have brought with them the methods of classical study, and but little of that breadth and sympathy which are needed to bring one into vital union with the great personalities revealed in our own English masterpieces.

The scientific method, while so busy in tithing the mint, anise, and cummin of the second aorist, has left undone the weightier matter of developing the taste and the imagination.

There is danger, perhaps, that the reaction may carry us too far, and result in producing a class of æsthetics, who can fly but cannot walk, who are developed out of this-worldliness into other-worldliness, a consummation not devoutly to be wished.

The problem then is, how to adapt the work so as to neglect neither knowledge, which is the raw material of culture, nor taste, which is the finished product. And here it would seem that the seminary method is the only safe one to be instituted. This requires, first, a well-equipped library, accessible to every student at all hours of the day; second, time in which the student can read and reflect in solitude; third, an instructor, who shall be well equipped, head and heart, imagination and judgment all attuned; fourth, a class-room exercise, where there shall be the utmost freedom of thought and expression, and where, by a system of cross-questioning, the aim of the instructor shall be, not to dictate opinions, but to bring the student and the author into a communion with each other, by which alone any revelation can be made. Then will result

> "Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
> Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

What place, therefore, shall the construction of words or philology and the construction of literature or rhetoric, hold in this work? These two departments are especially essential in a course of liberal arts, but they should not be considered as ends, only as means to that interpretation of literature which is in itself a criticism of life. Only after the student has felt "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," will the questions of rhetoric and philology become of interest. These departments should never be divorced from that of literature and studied for their own sakes. The only source of life for them is their connection with the fountain head, literature itself.

Both are inductive sciences, and can only be studied by observation and experience, in the great laboratory of Nature and Art, where ideas become words, words sentences, sentences paragraphs, and paragraphs the composite and organic whole.

In regard to rhetoric, this is especially true. How absurd it is to reverse the natural method and study the construction of literature as a science before gaining any idea of its significance as an art. Perhaps no department in English studies has been brought into such disgrace as has this in the hands of the Gradgrinds.

Why is it that students look upon theme work as such a bug bear? Because they are brought to the work before they have any conception of discourse as a means of personal communication and revelation. Hence the makeshifts, the insincerity, the utter emptiness often of work in this department. A standard the student must have; if it be not a natural one developed in connection with the study of the best literature, it will be an artificial one borrowed for the occasion. Mr. Whipple, in his admirable essay on "Webster as a Master of English Style", develops this idea in its fullness.

Why should the students in school and college be left to the stern necessity of learning at their first contact with the world of actual life, that sincerity is the first requisite of all good work; that words are counters used in intellectual exchange, and are worthless except when redeemable in the coin of thought?

Let the text-books on rhetoric be used as the student uses his treatises on physics or chemistry; not as sources of laws, but as guides to the discovery of laws, and then there will be infused into the written page the elements of originality. Prof. Earle, in his English Prose, has the following: "In the art of writing, a number of rules, directions, and cautions are to be taken into consideration by the writer, but at the time of his writing, he must be entirely unconscious of any rules at all."

Says Dr. G. Stanley Hall, in speaking of style, "This is taught best not by formal, dull, or enforced and uninteresting written theses, or treatises on style, but by first securing subject matter that so deeply interests that style is left to form itself unconsciously."

How do these general principles of English study apply to the work at Wellesley? Our alma mater is peculiarly favored in her equipments as well as in the scope of the work offered. Her well-chosen library of 40,000 volumes is more than twice as large as that possessed by any other woman's college. The courses of study leading to a degree are so arranged that a girl may follow her preferences, though a wise provision of prescribed studies in both classical and scientific courses prevents individual preference from establishing prejudices. Many a girl whose preparatory course has caused her to dislike English work, has found in the lectures on nineteenth century authors and in sophomore literature the incentive and inspiration which has carried her into the full stream of English work.

One of our sister colleges gives a literary degree on the completion of a course of four prescribed English studies: but with us, a girl is made to know what is meant by the breadth of the liberal arts. Her classical course would lack in the finer perceptions of the beauties of classical literature had she not come to see the life and spirit pervading the strength of her own language. Her scientific course will gain a deeper meaning if she at the same time feels that the spirit of poetry and science is one, that is, the revelation of personality.

It is this sharing of thought, this intellectual communion, which is obtained by the methods of study at Wellesley. A few lectures are necessary as guides by the way, but these are always supplemented by personal contact with the writer himself.

In nearly all of the courses in literature now open to students, the class-room work consists

of discussion on previous reading, the result of direct contact with the writer's personality. To know a writer, rather than what some other writer has said of that writer, is the aim of each student.

Wellesley girls, past and present, should feel deeply grateful to her whose clear perception and mastery of detail have had so great a part in the organizing of the present literature department.

The excellent courses in old and middle English, as well as in philology, give a means for the scientific application of what has been before mastered. These studies are of inestimable value to each student who would systematize her knowledge, and thereby possess a philosophy of literature.

By the constant use of the library, which is the very essence of the seminary world, the student meets the writer face to face, and according as she educates her power of mind and heart, does she enter into that full life of the ages, stored for those who will seek it in song and story.

Alice Vant George, '87.

The Freshmen certainly have great confidence in certain officers of the college. One of them took her letters to the office for approval before sending them away, while others requested a member of the faculty to conduct their first class meeting. Truly, they should not prove destructive to the peace of sociey.

Passenger on a Hudson River day-boat. What is that large brick building on the shore? Is it Vassar College?

Porter. Vassah what sah?

Passenger. Vassar *College.*

Porter. Oh, yes sah, I think it must be, sah. I know dere's an insane asylum 'round here somewhere, sah.

Henry W. Sage has given to Cornell a new library building, and Ex-President Andrew D. White a fine collection of books.

A STUDY IN OPPOSITES.

Some lives seem unrelieved tragedies; more are only bits of pathos with light struggling through the shadow now and then, and only a few are suffused with a mellow, holy, sunset glow. In how far a man is himself accountable for the density of the shadows over his own existence, or in how far uncontrollable circumstances are rolling them up, it is hard to say. But, at any rate, it seems more than usually hard, when one is compelled, through the greater part of a life-time, to battle against conditions the most foreign to his nature and breeding, and amidst surrounding the most uncongenial; and it is only a remarkably strong and versatile mind that can remain proof against the embittering influences of a life-long bondage to a false environment. When my friend Mrs. Taylor was a little girl of twelve, it was decided by her stepmother—herself an inexperienced young wife, but nine years older—that the child should suddenly enter upon the "grown-up" stage. So, without warning, the short skirts hardly reaching the knees were lengthened to the ground, the long braid of brown hair was wound about the small head, and Ethel's friends exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, how you have grown!" From that time on, she was a woman. It had, perhaps, something to do with this early maturing of—what shall I say, the fashion of her gown?—that she early came to bear herself like a little woman. I can picture to myself fairly well what she was in the following years of her home life. A slender little figure, with a New England demureness in her pale, softly-rounded face, and a certain urban culture in her tone. She was delicately bred, with something more than ordinary culture, though that was neither broad nor deep in our modern sense. Her eyes were of a sweet and quiet gray, and bore a promise in them of a strength of character that was yet to come.

Her stepmother stood to her rather in the light of a companion than a guide, and a companion not always of the wisest or truest type: but for her father, she entertained the profoundest reverence, a reverence which never, even to the time of his death, four years ago, permitted her to see the slightest fault in his character. Towards the seven little half-brothers and sisters, she was generous and self-sacrificing to an unusual degree, and, indeed, she was a comfort to the whole family.

Her early life seems to give the key-note to what she afterwards became: emphasizing the strength, and explaining and excusing the weakness. Thus she was at the time of her marriage. Her object in marrying was two-fold. She undoubtedly felt an affection for Mr. Taylor, though never love in the real sense. But she also was anxious to relieve her father, already burdened with a large family, of her longer support. From that time on began the struggle with a nature the opposite of her own, and under conditions that would soon have broken the strength, physical and moral, of an ordinary woman. Mr. Taylor was an upright and respected man, but he had in his veins the blood of a line of New England farming people, a race which, however renowned for its nobility and strength of character, lacks often gentleness and refinement. He had no appreciation of the delicacy and sensitiveness of his wife's nature. She was constantly wounded by a want of courtesy of which he was wholly unconscious. With all the pride of a sensitive nature, she disguised the hurt, until, wounded again and again, she felt the pain intolerable, and burst into a passionate defense, only to be met by the surprised and disdainful reproaches of her husband. It was this entire inability to understand each other that continually widened the breach between the two. She was frank, open and sympathetic; he was cold and taciturn. She was progressive in her very nature; growth was as essential to her as life itself. He was a conservative of conservatives. She was energetic and quick; he was slow and dilatory. Her strong love for the beautiful was met and repelled by his lack of appreciation. Her intellectual longings found no response in him.

In theological matters, they differed first. He held firmly to the most rigid forms of New England orthodoxy, she embraced eagerly the gentler doctrines of the new school. Had there been time and opportunity, she would have made an ardent and intelligent theological student. But to him the study of theology, except along certain well-traveled lines, was incompatible with spiritual welfare. Outwardly, she conformed with a Griselda-like patience, but inwardly she writhed and revolted.

Next to the theological, lay their political differences. Mrs. Taylor would never have become an able politician. She had too much of a woman's readiness to jump at conclusions, and to feel for ideas by instinct. She admitted frankly that she neither knew nor cared for party platforms and things of that kind, but declared that she did know instinctively what was right. Be that as it may, the fact remains that she was a Democrat and her husband a Republican, and their political discussions were many and bitter.

But there was one difference greater than any of mere opinion, a difference which never can exist between husband and wife without working an estrangement. This lay in their different ideas concerning necessities and the use of money, and in Mr. Taylor's lack of appreciation of his wife's self-sacrifice. She could only conjecture as to her husband's actual financial condition. He said that he was poor and begged her to economize at every point. She accepted the situation cheerfully, and set to work to live as helpful a life as possible. She had never been used to hard work, but she threw herself into it now with all her force. She had a vigorous constitution with good powers of endurance, but no great

muscular strength. So she gradually aged under the strain, but she never hesitated in her work. Year after year life became harder, but she did not murmur. Her little children received the most tender love: her husband, even in his most ungracious moods was cared for with a thoughtful regard for his slightest whim that some men would have noticed.

She denied herself every luxury, I might almost say every comfort: but only to see her husband give to some missionary cause a sum that had been needed for his wife and children. He grew in the respect of the community; she felt respect slipping from her. She had, from her childhood, a passionate love of the beautiful. To have been able to decorate her house even prettily, and to wear tasteful gowns, would have been to her a paradise: but her husband roughly inquired why she was "always wanting silks and satins." Once they had gone to the city for a short visit. She had been obliged to borrow from her mother-in-law some articles of wearing apparel to complete a disgracefully scanty wardrobe. Winter was coming on, and she knew that later a new dress would be absolutely indispensable, so when she happened to notice, in a shop window, a pretty and inexpensive gown of the exact shade of her hat, she asked if she might not buy it. "Come along," said her husband, "can you never go past a store without wanting something?"

It was about this time that she one day overheard a friend say, "I don't believe Mrs. Taylor has any taste in dress, she surely never shows it." And it was a little later that her little boy, her youngest child, said to her, "Why, mamma, you're not a lady, you work all the time." People said she was growing nervous. Her husband answered that it was because she persisted in drinking tea and coffee, stimulants which had, indeed, long supplied to her an artificial strength, when her own was no more equal to her task.

She is no longer young now. She has a tired and earnest look. The grace is gone from her form, and the lines of her face show more than the sadness that belongs to the decline of a human life. She is often irritable, she has ceased to accept with meek humility her husband's unkindness, and her spirit, so long subdued, has burst forth at last with a strength and decision overwhelming all in its way. Her sensitiveness has increased, so that she seems constantly quivering from the stabs of those about her. Many of her old friends slight and overlook her now; only a few realize the heroism of the long struggle. Her physical strength is failing, too, though she still does much hard work. She is broken-hearted, and says in a tremulous way, "Oh, if I were only dead! I am of no use to anyone, Oh, if it were not wicked, I should like to die!"

It can avail nothing now to inquire into the cause of the trouble, whether it lies in her own weakness or in the hardness of her husband. We can only look at the result. Is she merely a weak, undisciplined old woman, I wonder; and then, when I remember all the patience and self-repression and the endless energy that have gone to make up her fifty years, I am awed into silence.

Annie B. Tomlinson, '93

The number of women students in Cornell increased more rapidly than the number of men. Only about one-tenth, however, are women.

The U. of M. Daily calls attention to the name of the *University of Michigan*, and earnestly requests exchanges not to refer to the institution as *Ann Arbor University*. Princeton college, whose proper name is College of New Jersey, has entirely lost its original title, and the students of the U. of M. very much prefer to have the pride of their college days known as "Old Michigan" than as Ann Arbor University. They number this year twenty-six hundred.

A ROMANCE IN A POOR-HOUSE.

Ephraim Woods was dead, and the neighbors were sorely perplexed as to what was to become of his aged, feeble widow. All agreed that the best place for her was the poor-house, but all doubted that she could be prevailed upon to lay aside her pride of independence, and take refuge in that institution. Among those who called upon the widow to reason with her, was Miss Patience Batchelder.

"Of course, you ain't thinkin' of staying on the farm now," she remarked, as soon as she had addressed the usual consolatory remarks to the widow.

"Wal, I dunno; I thought as how I might try a while, Miss Patty," was the hesitating answer. "It'll be some hard on me, I know, without any man to do for me; but I aint got long to live, an' I'd like to end up my days in my own home, an' if I get used up, the sooner I go to Ephraim, the better. An' — then — there aint nowhere to go excep' the poor-house."

"Wal, an' what's the matter with the poor-house, Almiry Woods? It aint as if they wuz all strangers thar. Most of the folks thar air known to ye. Thar's Joseph Smith an' Susanna Craig an' Maria Brown an' 'Mandy Frye, all on 'em friends to ye ever since ye wuz a baby. An' you'll hev a nice room all to yourself, an' a pretty carpet, an' a parlor to set in a heap prettier 'n this, and plenty of good, wholesome food, sech ez you aint hed fur months, I'll be bound. An' Miss Dempsey will take sech care on ye, an' be just like a darter. I don't see why ye aint glad to go."

"O, I aint afeard but what they'd treat me well enough," said Mrs. Woods hastily; "but I've allus been independent, an' I can't abear to come a burden on the town, arter all these years. O, why didn't the Lord take me instid of Ephraim! Ef he'd only let me die now, I'd so much ruther not live!" And the poor little widow sobbed despairingly.

"Thar now, Almiry, don't go to feelin' that way," exclaimed Miss Batchelder. "Just chirk up, an' look at it sensible. The Lord 'll take ye when he's ready and perhaps he wants ye to reap the benefit of some of Ephraim's goodness afore he calls ye hum. Aint your husband allus paid his taxes cheerful, an' done ez much ez any man fur the town? When he wuz prospered, who give more'n him fur the public works of all sorts? It aint no more'n fair thet the town should take keer on his widder the rest of her days, — an' take *good* keer on her, too."

With these and other arguments, the good woman comforted the widow's heart, and persuaded her feeble mind, and before she left it was agreed that she should call for Mrs. Woods the next day and take her to the poor-house.

Then she waited to see her comfortably settled in a sunny, cheerful room, and then departed, much pleased by the effect of her arguments, though a little uneasy lest Mrs. Woods might not be fully contented after all.

"Howsumever," she philosophically remarked, as she gathered up the reins, "it's by all odds the best place fur her, ef she only knows it, an' I've done *my* duty, anyway."

The next week Miss Batchelder was called from town by the illness of a favorite niece, and did not return for several weeks. But after she had come home again, her first call was made at the poor-house. She found the little widow looking much brighter than she had for years.

"O, Miss Patty," she exclaimed, "I be downright glad to see ye. I've thought of ye time and agin when I've been settin' here so comf'table an' happy, an' blessed the Lord fur puttin't inter your heart to bring me here. It's jest ez nice an' homelike ez ye said 'twould be."

She talked on eagerly, enumerating all her blessings, while Miss Patty listened with beaming face.

"An' then the folks *be* so nice," continued the widow: "Miss Dempsey's been good as gold, an' old Miss Brown an' Miss Frye hev been just like own sisters, an'—an'—the menfolks, too," she added, "they've been like — like brothers, specially Joseph, — Mr. Smith, that is."

Miss Patty looked at the widow in amazement. She was stammering and blushing more like a girl of seventeen than a widow of seventy.

"Why, Almiry Woods," exclaimed Miss Patty, "you ain't a-lettin' a man fool round ye at *your* age, air ye?"

Almira straightened up. "I dunno ez there's enny *foolin'*," she said stiffly. "He's been real good to me, Joseph hez, ever sense I came here. We kinder took a shine to each other from the fust, and we've bin together consider'ble. He's—he's brought me posies, an' we've talked together, an' he's shown me consider'ble attention, an' last week he spoke out, an' gin me to understand ez how he'd like to merry me, ef I had'nt no objections, and I sez as how I hadn't, fur I don't see but we might ez well be merried an' hev the right to be together, — specially seein' ez the other women-folks is jealous of his attentions to me. An'—un' Miss Dempsey's agreeable, an' Parson Thomson's a-comin' over in about a fortnight to merry us."

She delivered this speech rapidly, twisting her apron about her fingers, and avoiding Miss Patty's disapproving glance, but as she concluded, she drew herself up with as much dignity as she could assume, and tried to look quite calm and determined.

"Wal," said Miss Patty, after a moment's thought, "I dunno as its *my* business, but I *must* say ez I don't think it shows proper respect to your departed husband to merry agin in less'n a year."

"I hedn't thought of that," returned the widow, much disturbed. "Ef you think so, mebbe I'd better wait a month or so, though Joseph an' me is some anxious to be merried soon, seein' ez we ain't likely to live many years."

"Wal, if I wuz you, I'd wait a while," said Miss Batchelder, rising to take her departure. "For if the women folks be jealous of ye, they's mebbe talk ha'sh about ye, if ye don't wait ez long's proper."

So saying, she bade Mrs. Woods goodbye, and drove home, much amused over the love affairs of this aged couple, and the jealousy of the other old women.

"Wal, ef folks air bound to be fools, ye might ez well let 'em be," was her final comment.

Once more Miss Batchelder visited the poorhouse. Word was brought her that Almira Woods had had pneumonia, and was not likely to recover.

The widow greeted her visitor with a feeble smile.

"I'm reel glad to see ye," she said, "an' ye see it's all fixed about Joseph an' me. Of course I can't merry him while I'm lyin' here, an' I don't think I'll ever get up. I hed a talk with Joseph last night, an' told him it was borne in upon me I shouldn't never get well in this world, an' he took it pretty well, though he's some disappinted, an' so be I. But I dunno but it's jest ez well. They'll let him come in an' read to me, an' we can hev reel good talks together, an' I shan't dishonor Ephraim's memory, efter all. Mebbe it's jest ez well, though it ain't accordin' to our plans. But thet's allus the way. Man 'pints an' God disappints, an' the Lord's gin'rally in the right on't."

Miss Patty rode home more thoughtful than usual.

"Wal," she remarked at last, "the Lord kin take keer of her affairs ez well ez we kin, I guess, and mebbe it was His will that she shouldn't miss Ephraim too much in her last days."

C. M.

THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

AN APPEAL TO COLLEGE WOMEN.

The average man or woman of our day has a good many interests. Money-making and culture struggle in the public mind. Bread-winning and pleasure-seeking jostle each other in the race. Science, art, politics, and letters receive our earnest thought and effort: and besides all this, there has been growing, throughout our century, a new interest — interest in our fellowmen. By our fellowmen we do not mean the heroes of the Golden Age, the lords and ladies of romance, or the shepherd and shepherdess of poetry; but we mean the actual, every-day men of all classes and conditions, climes and nations. In these we have come to take an interest: and their ways of living and the circumstances of their lives are daily becoming more widely considered and deeply studied.

We have taken some pleasure in this new knowledge, but as we have seen more and thought longer, our interest has been mingled with pain, and there has come to us the certainty that the lives of the people about us are not as God meant them to be. Moreover, we have begun to think that we have some part in setting their lives right: so we build missions and start philanthropies; we study Social Science and send out the Salvation Army: we write books, preach sermons, and even legislate. This we have done; and yet, as we look over a great city and watch the myriad lights stretching in long, twinkling lines, or flashing in stars from countless buildings, why is it that a darkness falls on our spirits? And why is it that while we gaze until we feel a great stillness, and it seems as if we might catch the sound of the beating heart of that mighty city, the soul feels a deep unrest, and the lights of the city grow dim through our tears? Ah! we have heard and we dare not forget; we have seen and we cannot forget. There is no peace in that city lying so quietly before us: but sorrow and struggle, despair and unrest have set their deep mark on the people. We say we know this: but we cannot know all, nor begin to realize what existence is to many of our fellow-creatures. People live without homes and without friends, almost without shelter, clothes, and food. Beauty does not touch their lives: nobleness does not lift them above their surroundings: the Divine is to them a terror beyond the grave in the burning judgment: or else they believe in no God and the grave ends all in darkness. Day after day the wheel turns, crushing out life and hope, hurrying in new lives to weakness and want, labor and despair, and in turn thrusting these out to make room for others. The mill turns heavily, wearily, and the mill-round has no end. And yet, will it always turn? Justice has long been silent: but if we can trust the signs of the times, her reckoning day is not far distant.

What does Justice ask for every man? Briefly this: pure air, healthy food, proper clothing, a comfortable house, a touch of the beautiful in his life, and some little time to think. Now, how are we to meet these demands of Justice? This is a question that every honest, earnest man or woman is bound to attempt to answer.

I have spoken of one class of our people, the masses, and have pointed out to you their great needs. I would tell you now of another class, the college women, and suggest their great resources. Every year a larger number of young women are going out into the world, trained in the thought of the ages, taught by art, science, and philosophy. They have also learned to form opinions and to act systematically. They have great theories and noble ideals: they have strong hands and willing hearts: and they burn with enthusiasm to make theories practice, and in some way to bring more good into life.

I have set before you a double picture: on

one side you see thousands dying in their helpless need, on the other stand many eager to be of use. Shall these two classes be brought together? The College Settlement is their first direct attempt to make good their answer.

In telling you of the College Settlement, I will speak first of its theory. It grew, as all true theories must, out of observation. Some wide-awake college women saw that something was wrong in our so-called charity, our usual methods of helping our fellowmen. Give what we might, we wrought good only for certain individuals, whom we were able to lift out of the environment in which they were beaten down. These college women of whom I spoke, decided that something must be done with the environment: for they saw the need of saving not one, but many, and they knew that healthy, happy homes could not be maintained in utterly vile surroundings. But to change successfully the environment, the individual nature must be changed at the same time. You know the old story of the pig that was put on a velvet cushion and fed on dainties from the king's table; yet when taken to walk, ran into the ditch and rolled in the mud. The question, then, resolved itself into this: how were the masses to be reached so as to give them, individually, an ennobling idea of life, and at the same time make it possible for them to live out their new ideal?

In trying to solve this question, our college women were met by many considerations. First, they came face to face with that decree of all nature, the law of give and take. The vegetable world supports the animal world and is in turn supported by it; the little streams fill up the ocean and the ocean causes the streams to flow. Just as truly it is a law of human intercourse that to help our fellows we must be helped by them. For this we must be in the same world and in close sympathy with each other. The law of human helpfulness is a subtle one. It requires keen insight and large knowledge. From our own experience we know that sympathy is its prime requisite. In our times of need we go to those who can understand us and feel with us; these we call by the name of friend. It is the friend that helps us, and it is the friend that we help. He it is that raises our ideal, and for him alone we pour out the best of our nature.

And this brings us directly to the theory of the College Settlement. It is based on a belief in the possibilities of human nature, and it maintains that these possibilities are to be realized only through the instrumentality of friendship. This is the great power, able to lift up and ennoble life.

All this is no idle dream. The theory has been tested by practice. In Rivington street, in the lower part of New York, as you know, there is a little settlement of earnest women, who are trying to win the love and trust of the people with whom they dwell, that they may help their neighbors to live out a nobler idea of life. You have heard of their methods of work, and know that it is for the children that they use most of their efforts; for the children are open to influences and have vigor and enthusiasm; the children are to make the future, and are the most effectual help for the present, because the elder people are best reached through them. You see from this that the work is necessarily slow in its results; it is the miracle of growth.

Results are, nevertheless, beginning already to gladden the workers. Their neighbors have begun to receive the Settlement into their hearts, being grateful for what their new friends have brought them, and rendering in turn many kindnesses. Flowers from the Settlement have touched with beauty many lives, and books from the library have given young thought something to grow on. The singing in the Settlement parlor on Sunday afternoons is very popular, not only with the

young singers, but with the whole neighborhood, people leaving their windows open even in winter weather to hear the happy voices. The summer home at Katonah and the merry excursions for the day to places near the city have brought health and happiness to many little hearts. Entirely new ideas of living are given to the children, and they are surprisingly quick to learn and put in practice. A young men's political club of some five or six members has been started at their own request. They are studying "What a citizen should know to vote." This is a great step in advance, for a half-dozen true citizens may do much to alter public opinion in any district. Is it too much to expect our political club to spread the knowledge, even in one of the most corrupt parts of New York, that a vote is not to be viewed according to its selling value?

Still the work grows. Young girls have been helped to education; families have been tided over a crisis; lives have been saved by the doctor's timely aid; and order, honesty, temperance and courtesy have been taught to many who little dreamed of such things before. And the women of the Settlement have in their turn learned beautiful lessons of patience, perseverance, kindness and fortitude. A thread has bridged the chasm between the rich and the poor. Shall it continue to be only a thread? I bring this question to you. I lay this work before you.

There is a bond between college women; our training, experiences and ideas are largely the same. There is another tie between us in our common desire to establish on a firm basis for all time the higher education of women. The way to do this we feel sure is to show the world what good use we can make of our education. When, therefore, a college woman undertakes a work, we take particular pride in upholding her. It is but right also that college women should take the initiative in progressive movements. Now certain college women have taken the initiative, have begun a work in the College Settlement; they naturally look to us to uphold and spread their work— I had almost said *our* work, believing in the oneness of aim among college women.

Another side of the College Settlement of special interest to us, is its scientific aspect. The members of the Settlement have formed themselves into a Social Science club. They are earnestly studying theories and methods in the light of practice. Some of the authorities on Social Science are becoming interested in the Settlement. They address the club at its meetings and have their theories aided by practical suggestions. In the world's history theory and practice have become greatly divided; our century has been trying to unite them. The Settlement, by striving to bring about this result in so vital a matter as Social Science, is doing a work which calls for the warm co-operation of college women.

But neither natural pride nor scientific interest are our most urgent calls to this work. This, as must all noble work, appeals to the heart. It speaks to our love of humanity, our love of country, and our love of God.

We are called to it by our humanity. The deadness of the Dark Ages has passed, the selfishnesss of the Renaissance is passing, and the spirit of Christ is making itself felt anew in the world. "A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another."

> 'For a' that and a' that,
> It's comin' yet for a' that,
> That man to man, the world o'er
> Shall brothers be, for a' that."

Although we see through a glass darkly, we are beginning to recognize our brothers in the degraded, the suffering, and the outcast. They are our brothers, and as such claim our aid. As helpless little ones we each lie in the cradle, as hopeful youths we all run to meet our lives, as strong men we all battle with the elements: in struggle, success, and failure, in fear, sorrow and joy, we each have our part; and before us all lies the gray

borderland, the still river, and the mysterious beyond. Thus our lives are made one by the bond of vital experience. What we do for our brother-man, we do for ourselves; what we would do for ourselves, we must do for our brother-man. Into our experience our fellow-men enter; our possibilities are the possibilities of humanity! Who can estimate what they are? Enough, that we feel within us a mysterious power whose glory doth not yet appear; enough, that the Divine has come down to us, bringing heaven, the full attainment of our perfected ideal.

It is a glorious proof of our dependence on each other that we cannot reach our high ideal alone. We cannot have even health or prosperity without sharing it with those about us; and we can have no pure art until the condition of society is lifted up to it. If we can believe history and our wise men, our own personal safety, and the existence of our nation depend on the solving of our city problem. As you love your own home as you love the freedom for which your fathers fought, and the proud name of America, do all in your power to meet and solve the destiny of our nation, seething now within the streets of our great cities. Let it be the College Settlement or aught else: but I beg of you, the college women of America, to act and act speedily.

Kate Morgan Ward. '92.

Physiology Learned in a Preparatory School

Question I. How and why are the bones divided as to shape?

Answer. They are divided into long, short and flat, so that when we describe them we can do so more easily.

Question II. What are the classes of joints?

Answer. There is the ball-and-socket, and the hook-and-eye joint. The hip joint is a ball-and-socket and the finger joints are hook-and-eye.

APART.

I would not call you back to me tonight,
Although my eager spirit turns to thee
With weary longing, and my eyes would see
Thy face, aglow with spirit's power and might.
The sunset glow, the hill sides, every sight
Of the familiar paths bring thoughts of thee;
Thy name the maples whisper o'er to me,
Rustling their scarlet leaves in golden light.

Yet though my heart doth yearn to have you near,
I will not wish you back. Love has no end
Where daily intercourse alone is dear,
Where spirit unto spirit cannot send
Its strengthening power, though miles between them roll.
We still shall touch each other soul to soul.

G. P. S., '92.

Wellesley, Nov. 8, '91.

Two Juniors were performing an experiment in Physics. They were to note and record at stated intervals the rise of the mercury in a thermometer which was suspended in a beaker of water, heated by a burner below. For fifteen minutes they sat and with the utmost gravity waited for the *water* to rise.

First Domestic—What is this thing that some of these teachers go to, that makes 'em so late to dinner Friday nights?

Second Domestic. Well, I don't know just what it is, but they call it some kind of an *Epidemic Council.*

A small boy was given some seed cakes for lunch. He was not familiar with this form of cookies, so sat eyeing them meditatively for some time. He then ran his finger over the top of one and said with emphasis, "Somebody ought to have dusted this."

President Eliot states that western schools supply more college students than eastern, in proportion to their size and number. Yale's Freshman class shows an increase of sixty-one scientific to five academic students. There are four hundred and sixty-two men in the class.

Princeton has ninety-seven men in voluntary classes in gymnastics.

A PICTURE FROM MEMORY.

When I was a little girl, I went with my mother to see our dear Quaker poet, John G. Whittier. He was then at one of his homes, where he spends a greater part of the year, in Danvers, Massachusetts. The house is in a beautiful spot, surrounded by green fields and shadowed by forest trees, and is fitly called "Oak Knoll."

We went up the winding path and were shown into the parlor, a large room, handsomely furnished, its walls hung with many fine paintings and engravings, and showing itself to be the ideal home of a poet.

Soon Mr. Whittier entered. He was a tall, slender man, with a pale, spiritual face, and eyes that were dark and gentle, while his hair was silvery white. He greeted us very cordially and entertained us with pleasant talk of books, authors and incidents of his own experience, while he showed me, his little guest, pictures and beautifully illustrated works.

The conversation turned upon Longfellow, who had recently passed away; and Mr. Whittier spoke feelingly of his acquaintance with him, and said that on hearing of Longfellow's illness he went to Cambridge to see him once more. His old friend was too ill to see him, however, but sent to him his love and a parting message. Mr. Whittier said, in alluding to the death of so many of his friends, "I feel that I am being left alone," and tears came into his eyes, as he spoke.

Our kind host explained to us several interesting allusions in his "Snowbound," which was written after the death of his mother and sister. The one of whom he says:

> "She sat among us, at the best,
> A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,
> Rebuking with her cultured phrase,
> Our homeliness of words and ways,"

was Miss Harriet Livermore, the daughter of Judge Livermore. She was a well educated woman who spent many years traveling in the East, a part of which time she lived with Lady Hester Stanhope. Lady Stanhope once lived in England, but after the death of her uncle, Sir William Pitt, she left that country for Arabia, where she became the head of a tribe of Arabs. She lived on Mt. Lebanon, and is spoken of in this poem as "The Crazy Queen of Lebanon." When remonstrated with for taking this step, she replied, "How can I mingle with common mortals, after having lived with my uncle, England's Prime Minister, Sir William Pitt!"

The two ladies lived together but a short time, when they had a quarrel and separated. The cause of the disagreement was this: Lady Stanhope had two white horses with natural red saddles, and she said that when the Lord came to His earthly kingdom He would ride one of these horses into the New Jerusalem, and that she would ride the other. Miss Livermore insisted that *she* had as good a right to ride one of the horses as did Lady Stanhope, and as they could not arrange the matter satisfactorily, they parted.

> "Where'er her troubled pathway be,
> The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
> The outward, wayward life we see,
> The hidden springs we may not know."

Mr. Whittier soon took us to his study, and I noticed over the door, as we entered, a horseshoe, doubtless placed there to keep away the "ghosts of witches," for he told us that near by was the place where many were put to death, in the days of the "Salem Witchcraft."

The little room was lined with beautiful books, and I saw on the wall a portrait of Hawthorne, and on the desk a bronze bust of Sumner. We sat here for a few moments, when the poet, turning to his well-filled book shelves said, "And now let me see what I have for the little girl!" He took down a little green covered volume, and on the fly leaf wrote my name, adding "with the best wishes of John G. Whittier." The book, written by Miss Frances E. Willard, is the story of her

sister's life, and is called "Nineteen Beautiful Years."

When we returned to the parlor, Mr. Whittier took from a glass on the mantel, a cluster of pansies and mignonette, and gave them to me, then, taking me in his arms, he kissed me and said "Good Bye."

Sylvia Clark, Sp.

A CONTEST BETWEEN BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION,

For several years it has been my privilege to watch the development of one born in the darkness of barbarism and living now in the light of civilization.

My first view of him was no more surprising than were the glimpses which I afterwards caught, from time to time, of his remarkable progress. He came to our school, Wilbraham Academy, some four years ago, having then been in our country only about three months. When the report was circulated that a prince of Liberia was to be at school, all eyes eagerly awaited his arrival. Yet all dreaded to meet a savage from the wilds of Africa, and consequently kept themselves at a safe distance as the coach drove up to the door. But to our astonishment a quiet, peaceable negro alighted and politely inquired for the principal of the academy.

At this first meeting I was reminded of those words "black, but comely,"—words which before had no significance to me, but which now seemed teeming with meaning. He was the most perfect race specimen I had ever seen. He was of pure African blood; no foreign element had ever entered into his nature. In his presence all others of his race looked sallow: he was a dark, chocolate color, with a face so dark as to lack utterly that gloss to which we are so accustomed in the negro. His nose was flattened almost out of existence, his forehead sloped to the utmost degree; his face was broad and flat, with the largest lips I had ever seen. Yet he was strong and manly in feature, showing in every line his royal birth. His form well matched his noble face. Tall, graceful, agile, with broad chest and shoulders, and with head well poised upon them, he towered above all his race, a worthy sovereign in name, and form, and feature.

Such a character I was to watch from day to to day in its struggle with that savage spirit which was always striving to gain the mastery. In some directions the development was remarkably rapid; in some it was sluggish; while in others, that barbaric nature can never be wholly vanquished.

Perhaps this last case is most clearly seen in his physical life. His manner of life, his environments while in this country are totally foreign to his nature. In the jungles of Africa he ran wild, with his animal passions alone doing service. Here, day by day, he sits in his room poring over his books, or plays at "tame" sports, as he calls them, or sits at a well ordered table with a constant restraint upon him. Such a life cannot be natural for a savage. That wild, restless spirit must have at least its partial freedom. He is like a wild animal imprisoned and fed on dainties, which, if not mixed with the nourishing substances to which it has been accustomed, will sooner or later bring death to the petted creature. So he is often found tossing on a bed of pain. His life cannot be a long one under such circumstances, yet his love for christianity will not permit him to return to the life of a barbarian.

Added to his decline in vigor is his fear of sickness. A headache is to him a sure sign of death. If rheumatism seizes him, as it often does, he first makes his will and then raves like a maniac. As one looks at him at these times it seems impossible that he is a human being. This fear he is partially subduing, but probably can never wholly conquer.

It is in his mental nature that civilization has wrought her most wonderful miracles. In his barbarism Mr. Besalow must have had

intellect, but it was never cultivated. Four short years in America have indeed brought about a great change. About two years ago I visited my father's Greek class and then heard Mr. Besalow recite from a passage in the Anabasis. As he read, it flashed upon my mind how great had been his development. He read the Greek in the most flowing manner, with rare sweetness of voice, and with none of the blundering so common to most Greek students. His translation was of the smoothest English, clear and bright, showing at every point his high appreciation of the beauties of both languages. He is, indeed, an ardent student, and has the correct methods of study. He learns easily and well, and is thorough to the smallest detail. He seems to arrange his every idea before uttering it, words often express deep and original thought. He is then an ardent student, a deep thinker, a fluent speaker. What more could we ask of a savage?

But the struggle is greatest in his moral nature. Here he seems to see the great need of civilization and is striving with all his powers to reach it, even though he is constantly being baffled. He has the true idea of God, who is to him a Father. We see then how great is the struggle and how weak at times the man himself becomes in the fight. The end is not yet. The outcome we do not know. But we may be certain that such a man can never again be satisfied with his barbarism, even though his return to that life might lengthen his time on earth.

Thousands of eccentricities creep into such a nature, and excite our curiosity. But in him the peculiar is the natural, the ordinary is the marvelous. Things peculiar in our eyes are but traces of his savage nature creeping in again. His whole nature seems to be under going a change; his whole being is a new creation. The wonderful trait in his character is his power to adapt himself to the manners and customs of a life totally foreign to him. His amazing faith in a God so long unknown to him, his true conception of the loving kindness of such a Being, his consecration of his life, his health, his energies to Him who is the Light of the world—these are his great, his noble characteristics.

Such a character proves the power of the gospel to create a new heart within us. This man has come to us fulfilling the words of the sweet singer of Israel.

"Princes shall come out of Egypt,
Ethiopia shall haste to stretch out her hand unto God."

K. E. G. '93.

Young ministers have many queer experiences, especially when their services are given in the country. A theological student, who had gone to a small village to conduct a Sunday service, spent the night preceding in an old farmhouse whose general queerness was surpassed only by that of its inmates. They gave him squash pie at every meal until he became desperate and went to the tavern for something wherewith to sustain life. Sunday evening he was asked to lead family prayers. The mother went from the room just before the services began and shortly returned, bringing in two newspapers which were placed on the floor in front of her husband and their guest, to prevent any damage by kneeling to Sunday clothes.

Instructor, (who is lecturing on the ventilation of the chapel.) So, you see that there are currents of air in every direction through the room. Experiments with fumes of sal-ammoniac have shown that some of these currents go under, around and over the galleries. Before this I had supposed that the teachers' gallery was the dead place in the chapel.

The Freshmen, in addition to many other good qualities, possess in a high degree a sense of poetic fitness. One of them wished her roommate to go to the shore and hear the waves *slop*.

SCANDINAVIAN FOLK-LORE.

Once upon a time, very long ago, there lived across the ocean a large family of interesting children. Their parents were poets, who thought more of nature and the gods and heroes, than of their children. They were always busy writing beautiful myths called "Eddas." But the neglected children were not educated enough to admire these wonderful thoughts. So, with an inherited love of nature, and the lively imagination of childhood, they made for themselves a fragmentary, unwritten mythology. And in the long, dark winter evenings, they would come in from the snow-clad fields and frosty air, to gather round the great wood fires, and tell to one another these fairy tales about their strangely beautiful land.

Is it, indeed, any wonder that dwelling amid the grandeur of the wild northern scenery, with the mysterious wonders which nature gives to this "Land of the Midnight Sun," they regarded the great ice-mountains as the house of the gigantic Jutul, that they peopled the forests with elves, the valleys with the wiley Troll, and beautiful Huldra, the seas with mermaids and mermen, and under the earth heard the hammers of the skilful dwarfs?

And so from one child to another, from one blazing hearth to another, these tales and fancies have come down even to us, and form the fascinating folk-lore of Scandinavia.

Many of the tales concern features of the land. On Horseman's Isle, in Norway, there is a mountain which from afar resembles a horseman wrapped in a large cloak. This, they say, was once a Jutul who dwelt there. Twelve miles south, on Lake Lekoe, lived a maiden whom he loved. She haughtily rejected him, and by her magic turned to stone all his messengers, who are still to be seen as rocks about the isle. Finally, by their mutual magic both were turned to stone, and shall so remain, looking at each other until doomsday.

Even to-day a Nordlander seldom sails by without taking off his hat to the maid of Lekoe.

The Jutul is large and strong, and dwells in the highest mountains. He shuns the daylight, for by the sun's rays he is turned into stone. He is described in the Sagas as "quite black, except his eyes and teeth, which were white; his nose was large and hooked: his hair, which hung down over all his breast was as coarse as fish's gills, and his eyes were like two pools of water."

He has a bad disposition, and hates churches and the sound of bells. When a storm is at hand, or a whirlwind howls among the rocks, the people say the Jutul is shaking himself, so that the pots and kettles, in which his wife is preparing their food, resound.

The Scandinavian giant is not quite so monstrous as the Jutul, but may have several heads. When angered, he will often hurl rocks or root up trees, or stamp on the ground till his leg is buried up to the knee.

The ingenious way in which hills and rocks are accounted for by the Scandinavians is shown by the following tale: A giant, in the Isle of Rugen, grudged having to wade through the sea to go to Pomerania; so he decided to build a causeway across the mainland. He put on an apron and filled it with earth. When he got past Rodenkirchen with his load, his apron sprung a leak, and the earth that dropped out became the nine hills near Rambin. He darned the hole and went further. At Gustrow there came another hole, and spilt thirteen little hills: he reached the sea with the earth that was left and threw it in, making Prosnitz Hook and the Peninsula of Drigge. But there still remained a narrow space between Rugen and Pomerania, which so exasperated the giant that he was struck with apoplexy, and died; and his dam has never been completed.

The Norwegian fossegrim is a curious crea-

tion. He loves to linger by mills and waterfalls, and entices men by his music on calm, dark evenings. He will instruct on the fiddle any one who, on a Thursday evening, shall offer him a little white goat, and throw it into a waterfall that runs northward. If the victim is lean, the pupil gets no further than tuning the fiddle; if fat, the fossegrim will grasp the player's right hand, and guide it up and down till the blood starts from all his finger tips: then the pupil is perfect in the art, and can play so that the trees shall dance, and waterfalls stand still.

Scandinavia has many water sprites; not only mermen and mermaids, but nixies, and the dreadful, black Nickelman, who snaps at all children who come near the water.

The mermen are of a dusky hue, with long beard and black hair. In a Danish folk-song they wear green hats, and when they grin you can see their green teeth.

The mermaids are very beautiful; but both mermen and maids have the form of a fish below the waist. Mariners are not pleased to see them, for they forbode a storm.

The nixe may be seen emerging from the waves, or sitting in the sun combing her long hair. She is beautiful, but has swan feet. Like the sirens, the nixe draws by her song listening youth to her, and then into the deep. The nixen are supposed to cause the sinking and rising of ponds and springs; and their presence at a wedding is said to bring prosperity to the bride.

All the water sprites have a great love of music and dancing. From the depths of a lake sweet melodious tones often ascend; and far off on the waves one may see the merry waltz of the sea nymphs; while often in the evening they come to land, and join the dance of mortals.

Belief in ghosts was deeply impressed on the minds of heathen Northmen. They saw them as white spectres in the churchyard, where they would stop horses, and terrify passers-by; sometimes as executed criminals, who in the moonlight would wander round the place of execution with their heads under their arms. Bullets, gunpowder, and weapons have no effect on them, but at sight of the cross they must retire.

Witches were numerous in early Scandinavia. Indeed, a man was very apt to find that his wife or his mother was a witch — a rather uncomfortable discovery. Witches hold their meetings on Fridays, when they dance on the barren heath. They pass through chimneys and holes, riding to the meeting place on brooms, cocks, asses, or spotted dogs, which the devil frequently sends them. Sometimes they have wings and fly. The witches can transform themselves into cats, horses, swans, and eagles. They often enter houses in the shape of toads; or as seals follow mariners and fishermen.

Of their merrymakings it is related that as soon as the witches, each in her own fashion, are all arrived, they prepare a repast of geese, or fresh beef sprinkled with mustard. Then the dancing begins; each witch dances with the devil, while an old woman sings and beats tin kettles. Fires shine forth on the surrounding mountains: and whoever approaches is drawn into the circle, and whirled about until he sinks down breathless. When day dawns they all vanish, and the next morning there may be seen on the mountains, rags and tatters of all kinds, bits of ribbon, and needles with which, in bewitched wax, they have pierced many a one's heart.

If you desire to *see* the witches dance, you must take an old plank from a coffin lid, and peep through a knot hole in it.

In Gelrode there is a small hill called the Rabouterberg, in which there are many caverns, said to be the former habitation of the Kaboutermannekins, or Red Caps. They are chubby, busy little fellows, clad in red from head to foot, and with green faces and hands— a rather startling contrast to meet in a lonely forest.

The Norsemen had many household sprites. The most common one was the Niss. He is described as a clever little creature, about the size of a two year old child. He is generally clothed in grey, and wears a red peaked cap. He is fond of pranks, and will sometimes let all the cows loose in the cow-house, or plague the milk-maids by blowing out the light. Again, he will hold fast the hay so that they cannot draw out a particle; then, while they are tugging with all their might, he will suddenly let go his hold so that they fall at full length on the ground, — and then, just hear his merry laugh!

The nisser can be invisible to men at their will; but at night they are often known by the blue light which they carry. They like to live in barns or trees. With their fairy boots they can go over the most difficult roads with great speed.

In Newminster, a man had offended a niss by putting no butter in his porridge. In revenge the niss played such pranks that the people were obliged to move. As the last load of chattels, consisting chiefly of empty tubs and the like, was about to go, the master of the house went by chance to the back part of the cart where, to his unutterable dismay, he espied the niss seated in a tub. The man was excessively vexed, but the niss burst into a hearty laugh, and popping his head from the tub, said, "So, we are moving to-day!"

The various classes of elves form the larger part of the underground folk. There are also the dwarfs, goblins, kobolds, thusser, and trolls.

As to the origin of the race of subterraneans, the belief is quite common that when our Lord cast down the fallen angels, some fell to hell, but others who had not sinned so deeply were dispersed in the air and under the earth, as trolls and underground folk.

The elves are all very tiny. The light elves are airy beings, hovering over and protecting the earth. They have an exquisite beauty and wear shining garments. They are described as "slender as lillies, white as snow, and with sweet, enticing voices." The dark elves are ugly and misshapen, and dwell far down in the earth. The flying elves are very beautiful, with tiny wings on their snow white shoulders. Transformed to swans, people have seen them coming through the air, and descending into the water to bathe. As soon as they enter the water they assume the fairest human forms.

All elves have an irresistible fondness for music and dancing. By night you may see them tripping over the moonlit meadows, and at dawn perceive their tracks in the dew. The grass grows more luxuriantly where they perform their nightly dance, and of a darker green in circles. These are called "elf dances," and must not be trampled on.

The little wily dwarfs, who conceal themselves in the earth and its caverns, have a black or grey complexion, a humped back, and coarse clothing. They slip into cracks and crevices of the hills, seeming to vanish suddenly and as suddenly to come up from the ground. In caves they pursue their occupation of digging for ore, collecting treasures, and forging curious weapons. Their kings fashion for themselves magnificent chambers underground.

Dwarfs are good natured, helpful beings, but in general they shrink from men. It goes sorely against them to see churches built, for bell-ringing disturbs their privacy; they dislike also the clearing of forests. They have a threefold cap, or a mist mantle by which they can make themselves invisible. They are particularly active by night, and can be very mischievous. When a child falls and cries, it is told that it could not help it — the underground folk had caught it by the leg.

All dwarfs and elves are thievish. They often steal pretty babies from the cradle, and substitute their own ugly ones, called changelings. Many are the tests for the true child,

and many are the curious remedies for getting rid of the changeling, and forcing the wicked spirits to return the mother's own baby.

Kobolds and goblins have red hair, or red beards, and always wear pointed red caps. The goblin is often an obliging, hard-working little spirit, who helps the men and maids, but he is tormenting through his many pranks. His hearty laugh when he has played a trick is irresistible, but he has also a scornful laugh when he means mischief. He loves the moonlight, and on a clear frosty night you may see him skipping merrily across the farm-yard, or skating under the moon's rays.

Kobolds are said to be the souls of persons who have been murdered. A fisher house on the Wendish Spree, is called the Kobold's house, because a kobold played his pranks there. His chief amusement was, to lay the fishermen even, when they were lying asleep. For this purpose he would first draw them up till their heads all lay in a straight line; but then their legs would be out of the line, and he had to go to their feet and pull them till the tips of their toes were all in a row. This game he would continue till broad day light.

The monk of the mines is a curious spectre often seen in the mines about Clansthal. He is clad as a monk, but he is of gigantic stature, and always carries in his hand a large tallow candle which never goes out. He was formerly a director who took such delight in mining that, at the point of death, he prayed that instead of happy rest in heaven he might wander about, till the last day, in pits and shafts, and superintend mining.

Many tales are told of the Black School in which the devil is the teacher, and preachers entering on their careers are the pupils. Almost every pastor knows something of the Black Art, in which others, who have assigned their souls to the devil, are perfect adepts. But there are certain conditions imposed by the Black School. One man, for instance, must during his whole life wear the same woolen underwaistcoat; another must not remain in a church longer than an hour at a time. If they transgress the condition but *once*, their souls are forever lost.

A truly strange tradition tells us how old maids and bachelors are employed after death. As soon as the sun is sunk below the horizon, the old maids must cut stars out of it; while the old bachelors, during the night must blow up a breeze in the east, going all the time up and down a ladder.

In an old Norse tradition, the name of Borchta is given to the so-called White Lady, who appears in many houses, when a member of the family is about to die. She is sometimes seen at night watching over the children, in which character she resembles the Celtic fairy. In other and more wide spread traditions, the White Lady is an enchanted or spell-bound damsel, who usually every seventh year appears near some mountain or castle, points out treasures and awaits her release. She wears a white robe, or is clad half in white, half in black: her feet are concealed by yellow or green shoes. In her hand she usually carries a bunch of keys, sometimes flowers, or a golden spinning wheel.

Many are the quaint pretty stories these simple folk tell of the moon. Some say that very, very long ago there was a man who went into the forest one Sunday to cut wood. Having chopped a large quantity, he tied it together, thrust a stick through the bundle, threw it over his shoulder, and was on his way home, when there met him on the road a man dressed in Sunday clothes going to church. He accosted the wood cutter, and said,

"Dost thou not know that on earth this is Sunday? Dost thou not know what is written in the fourth commandment, 'Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day?'" The questioner was our Lord himself. But the woodcutter was hardened and answered:

"Whether it is Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven, what does it concern thee or me?"

"For this thou shall forever bear thy bundle of wood," said the Lord," and because the Sunday on earth is profaned by thee, thou shall have an everlasting Monday, and stand in the moon, a warning to all such as break the Sunday by work."

From that time the man stands in the moon with his faggot of wood: and will stand there to all eternity.

The people of Rantum say the moon is a giant, who, at the time of full tide, is in a stooping posture, because he is taking up water which he pours on the earth and causes the flow: but at ebb tide he stands erect and rests from his labor that the water may subside again.

The Swedes have a tradition that the moon is Mary Magdalene, and the spots her tears of repentance.

The sea, to those imaginative observers of nature, is the sun's mother into whose arms it sinks at night. And the rainbow is the bridge over which the gods pass to earth. It is thought that on the spot where the rainbow touches the earth there is a golden dish or a buried treasure.

The Norseman tells innumerable stories of animals.

The cuckoo was a baker's man, and that is why he wears a dingy, meal-sprinkled coat. In a dear season, he robbed the poor of their flour, and when God was blessing the dough in the oven, he would pull lumps out of it, crying "Guk, guk" (look, look!) Therefore, the Lord punished him by changing him into a bird of prey.

Another story brings in the creation of the Pleiades.

Christ was passing a baker's shop when he smelt new bread, and sent his disciples to ask for a loaf. The baker refused, but his wife and her six daughters were standing apart, and secretly gave it. For this they were set in the sky as the seven stars, while the baker became a cuckoo; and as long as he sings in the spring, the seven stars are visible in heaven.

We enter a wide and deeply interesting field of research when we take up them any superstitions in which these simple folk firmly believed. We find mention in the Sagas of belief in the raising of charmed weather by shaking a bag from which storms proceeded; that certain men every ninth night become women; that a man might excite a maiden's love by placing a kind of grass under her head.

Few Scandinavian women venture to spin on Saturday, as it brings only detriment. The twelve days of Christmas were also to be free from such work.

On New Year's eve, the cows and horses speak with one another. A peasant who was sceptical on this point, laid himself in the rack, and listened. At midnight he heard one horse say to another, "This year we shall get rid of our master." This so terrified him that he fell sick, and soon after died; and the same horses drove him to the church yard.

On the same night, at twelve o'clock, all water is turned into wine. A woman who was so foolhardy as to go to a well at this time, was bending over to draw from it, when some one came and said, — "All water is wine and thy two eyes are mine," at the same time depriving her of both her eyes.

It is quite evident that Scandinavian traditions and superstitions underlie many of our modern stories and notions. Their tale of a nocturnal horseman, who carries his heart under his arm, recalls at once the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The foundation for the story of William Tell is quite evidently the old Norse tale of King Nidung, who requested Egil, famed for his archery, to shoot an apple at a single shot, from the head of his son, a child of three years. After he had performed this deed, the king, seeing he had taken two

other arrows from his quiver, demanded of him for what purpose they were intended. Egil answered, "they were designed for thee, if I had hit the child."

Our superstitution concerning the four leaved clover seems to be quite ancient, for the old Norseman say: "Whoever carries about him a four lobed clover, cannot be fascinated, but sees through all magical delusions."

It is rather interesting to know that the first Jack-in-the-box was sold to amuse or frighten children under the name of Nickelmannikin, after the horrid black water sprite of Norwegian folklore; and even the fact that our "Thursday" is a namesake of the good "Thor" is of significance.

Though many of the old traditions were crude and repulsive, others were kindly and uplifting, giving to the peasant a sense of brotherhood and a reverence for nature. Everywhere, from the simplest story of dwarf, giant, or fairy, to the grandest myth, is felt the spirit of unconscious reverence for the power which frames and upholds the universe.

Grace Grenell, '93.

ETIQUETTE.

In chapel, always take the outside seat and stick out your feet. If any one wishes to sit in the same row and tries to pass before you, crowd forward a little so that he may trip. This discourages tardiness.

During interesting parts of the lecture, laugh and converse with the man next to you. You will thus remind your neighbors of a Biblical character — a colleague of Balaam.

Aim always at prominence. Never mind making a fool of yourself in the process.

Don't black your shoes; why should you? You're no dude.

Look out for yourself at the table. If any one else wants anything, let him mesmerize it.

—*Oberlin Review.*

PARAPHRASES FROM OTHER TONGUES.

THE MOUNTAIN-BOY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LOUIS UHLAND.

I am the mountain shepherd-boy free,
Lordliest castles beneath me I see;
At dawn the sun sends me his earliest ray,
And lingers here latest at close of day.
I am the mountain-boy.

Here the stream bubbles up on the mountain-top lone,
And I drink it clear from the fount of stone;
Down the cliff it pours in a torrent wild,
In my arms I catch it — the bright water-child.
I am the mountain-boy.

They are all my own, these mountains remote;
The storms gather here, where the thunder-clouds float,
With a rush and a roar from the north and the south,
But they drown not the song that is in my mouth.
I am the mountain-boy.

There is thunder beneath me and lightning red,
But the blue, sunny sky is about my head.
I call to the storm — we are comrades fast —
Let my father's house be unharmed by your blast.
I am the mountain-boy.

When the danger-bell wakes with a clang and a shriek,
And the fires blaze up from peak to peak,
I descend the mountain. I march with the throng,
And I swing my sword and I sing my song.
I am the mountain-boy.

ENVOI.

Prince, I find that his lot was bitter indeed,
Who should have contentment and calm for his meed,
Who was born but to sing or blow through a reed.

For saw you ever a sadder thing
Than a bright-throated bird with broken wing,
Too helpless to soar and too hopeless to sing?

TROUBADOUR SONG.

AFTER RUTEBEUF.

The leaf was in the bud,
  Hid so demure,
And spring was in my blood.
  Ah! the gay troubadour!

I roamed from court to castle,
  Of welcome sure.
I had nor liege nor vassal.
  Ah! the gay troubadour!

I sang them a wild ditty,
  Vive, vive l'amour.
I pleased in field and city.
  Ah! the gay troubadour!

But now they scorn who praised me.
  So fickle, sure,
Is Fortune fair who dazed me,
  Forgotten troubadour!

Ye that say your masses for the dead,
  Dead beyond cure,
I ask that ye pray for me instead,
  Forgotten troubadour!

I live in the hope of to-morrow,
  With this to allure,
That death will release me from sorrow,
  Forgotten troubadour!

ALYSOUN.

AFTER THE EARLY ENGLISH.

Her haire is like the redde, redde golde,
  Her face is faire to see,
Her brow is bounde in linen folde —
  Never she looks at me.

She dwelleth in the gude, greene woode,
  An holie nunne is she.
She looketh on the Holie Roode —
  Never she looks at me.

Her name, I wotte, is Alysoun,
  Dear name of melodie.
Most like a trill in mavis' tune —
  Never she looks at me.

Oh, Alysoun, why dost thou weare
  That gowne so grey of blee?
It is not fitte for one so faire —
  Never she looks at me.

Blow, southern winde, and woode, waxe greene!
  I would I were a tree.
To climb and clasp her window-screene—
  Then she woulde looke at me.

Florence Wilkinson, '92.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Sunday, Dec. 6, Prof. G. T. Morse, of Andover, will preach, and on Dec. 13, President E. B. Andrews, of Providence, R. I.

Dr. Coit, the Secretary of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, preached in the chapel at the usual hour, last Sunday. His text is found in I. Cor. 3:9 — "For we are laborers together with God: ye are God's husbandry."

On Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 4 o'clock, in Room G, Miss Scudder spoke to the class of '94 and the first year Specials on the College Settlement Association. She gave a sketch of the work of the Settlement, of its progress and influence, of the life in the home on Rivington Street, and of the need of such settlements in other places. Pecuniary aid is greatly needed, and this can be given by joining the Association, although it is hoped that many will feel called to the work itself. On account of a very fine opening in Philadelphia, a settlement will probably be soon started there, and the Boston Settlement will be put off for the present. This is a work which is peculiarly a work for college women, and it is hoped that many more girls will join the Association. The fee, an annual due of five dollars, is large, but girls can form clubs of four, five or more members, each club acting as one member, paying one fee and having one vote. It is understood that one in joining joins for more than a year, although there are no regulations as to the time one must be a member. There are but two members from the Specials and seven from the class of '94. The number should be much larger, and it is hoped that many names will be sent for membership to the vice-presidents of the different classes.

Wellesley counted herself most happy last Tuesday, Nov. 24, in the privilege of seeing and hearing the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Although the distinguished visitors did not arrive until nearly five o'clock, the chapel at

that late hour was crowded with girls. The Earl made the first address. He said in introduction that the three most impressive things to him so far in the United States were Wellesley College, the influence and work of Mr. Moody at Northfield, Mass., and the preaching and personality of Bishop Brooks. He has also become convinced that Emerson stated a fact when he said that this was a country which must excel in women. Lord Aberdeen had been asked to talk on the Irish question, and he next gave some aspects of the question, which are less easily grasped by means of books. He said that until lately Home Rule had been considered a mere prank on account of many prejudices. Discontent in Ireland has long been recognized, but previously remedy was tried by such measures as the Catholic emancipation act and land bills. However, when it was discovered that something deeper than these was needed, and that there would have to be some great changes, men were reluctant to change their minds in the face of so strong a prejudice. This has been one great hindrance to the progress of Home Rule. Then there were many violent acts, which seemed to originate among those who favored Home Rule, and these had a strong opposing influence. But it should be remembered that, in any revolution, there is a scum which comes to the surface, and these acts should be taken as symtoms of the diseased condition of Ireland. The landlords' difficulties and the fact that many people have money invested in Ireland go to make the prejudice stronger. The fear has been expressed that Home Rule means Rome Rule in Ireland, but this is as groundless as is the notion that Home Rule is disloyal to the crown. Everything now points to the carrying out of Home Rule. Far greater difficulties have been overcome; why not this one?

The Countess of Aberdeen followed her husband with an address on what the women of England are doing in the way of developing the smaller industries in Ireland. The poorer classes believe that when Home Rule comes, all will be prosperous, and the women of the better classes are trying to show them that self-government means a great deal of work for themselves. They have founded an association to preserve the smaller industries, such as making beautiful laces and embroideries. In five years a great work has been done. Orders and sales are continually being obtained, and they now have two small shops, one in Dublin and one in London, and they are both in a prosperous condition. There is to be a great display at the World's Fair of these beautiful Irish fabrics. The Countess then gave a short account of the Municipal Federation, which has been formed to promote liberal political principles among women. Women's suffrage is not an object of the main federation, although women who join the federation soon become women suffragists. In closing, Lady Aberdeen made an appeal for us, as American women to promote, as much as possible, anything which in the end will tend to the political union of England and the United States, if it be for the present merely a board of arbitration. At the request of our guests, the girls sang "America," after which they cheered for the kind friends who had given us so much pleasure, and we know that every girl will join with us in saying, "Long live the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen!"

Thanksgiving Day was passed very pleasantly by those who remained at the college. The recess is just long enough to give a rest and an opportunity to enjoy some of the luxuries of Wellesley, which are not always appreciated in term time, and it is not so long that one grows tired of having nothing to do. At some of the cottages and in College Hall there were candy pulls on Wednesday evening, and a very merry time generally. Many of the girls attended church in the village, and dinner was served at two in all the houses. The girls in College Hall were allowed to use the Fac-

ulty parlor on Thanksgiving Day, and many made use of this privilege. The Juniors gave a very pleasant entertainment to the servants in Elocution Hall on Thursday evening, and entertainments were given at Sherbourne Prison and Dedham. There were spreads innumerable at all hours of the day and evening, and all who were here during the recess pronounce it an unusually pleasant one.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, held in Boston, Nov. 28, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer gave an address on the "Influence of the Teacher's Manner." "I sympathize," she said, "with the teacher who said he should look first for character; next manner; third, learning; and, last, professional training. The manner of the teacher must in the end show all the rest; the grasp of intellect and touch with character."

The regular monthly meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Art Library on last Saturday evening. The following program was carried out:

The Predecessors and Contemporaries of Shakespeare.

I. Shakespeare News, - Miss Lemer.
II. Christopher Marlowe, Miss Mudgett.
III. Dramatic Representation.

THE JEW OF MALTA.—Act I., Scene I.

Abigail, - - - - - Miss Randolph.
Barabas, - - - - - - Miss Reid.
Abbess, - - - - - Miss Lincoln.
Friar, - - - - - - Miss Stahr.

IV. Beaumont and Fletcher, Miss Holbrook.
V. Songs, - - - Miss Dransfield.
VI. Ben Jonson, - - Miss Lucas.
VII. Progress of the Drama from the Miracle Plays to Shakespeare, Miss Spalding.
VIII. Dramatic Representation.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.—Act I., Scene III.

Antonio, - - - - - Miss E. Green.
Bassanio, - - - - - Miss Stimson.
Shylock, - - - - - Miss Emerson.

IX. General Discussion.

Were all the elements of the Shakespearian drama found in the preceding and contemporaneous drama?

At the last meeting of the Microscopical Society it was decided that the society should adjourn its regular meetings. For some time past there has been a growing feeling among its members that they did not care to devote extra time to scientific and especially, microscopic work. Hence, it has been deemed wisest that the society should adjourn its meetings.

Very many of the "old girls" came back to spend Thanksgiving and last Sunday. Among the number were Miss Banta, '89, Miss Helen Holmes, '89, Miss Jane Freeman, '90, Miss Grace Brackett, '90, Miss Alice Jackson, '91, Miss Alice Clement, '91, Miss Esther Bailey, '91, Miss Beth Wardwell, '91, Miss Genevieve Stuart, '91, and Miss Isabelle Copeland, a former special, '90.

Phi Sigma held its regular program meeting Saturday evening. Miss Helen Foss, '94, was initiated.

On last Saturday evening in the Stone Hall parlor, Miss Cooley gave a most interesting talk on her visit to Alaska last summer. She gave a sketch of their journey, dwelling upon particularly interesting points. The icebergs and glaciers were wonderfully grand, and the party enjoyed the distinction of being the first to cross a very rough and dangerous glacier, in spite of the many remonstrances on the part of the natives. Stereoptican views and photographs illustrated the talk. Many interesting points concerning the Indians were given. One of these was in connection with the "totumpoles." These are the ancestral insignia, or coat-of-arms of the Alaskan Indian, being trunks of trees set up in front of the house, and carved with the heads of the bird or animal significant of the class to which the owner belongs. She told, too, of the custom of keeping the young Indian girls underground in a cellar for three years, so that they may may be given to their husbands white brides. This and many other things were quite new to

us, and seemed like a bit of another world, and we were all very grateful to Miss Cooley for her kindness.

A new society has just been chartered in the college, whose aim is the study and discussion of the political questions of the day. Its regular meetings are held on the third Saturday of every month, with informal meetings for discussion on the other Saturday evenings. Its officers are as follows: — President, Miss Abigail H. Laughlin; Vice President, Miss Cora Millacent Palmer; Recording Secretary, Miss Sarah H. Bixby; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Bertha Christie Jackson; Treasurer, Miss Lucy Pearce Brownell; Sargeant at Arms, Miss Mary Louise Wetherbee.

The Charter members are fifteen in number:

Evelyn Emma Parkes, '92.
Abigail H. Laughlin, '94.
Cora Millacent Palmer, '94.
Sarah H. Bixby, '94.
Bertha Christie Jackson, '94.
Lucy Pearce Brownell, '94.
Mary Louise Wetherbee, '94.
Maud B. Thompson, '94.
Florence Martin Tobey, '94.
Mabel Woodbury Learoyd, '94.
Cecilia Dickie, '94.
Stella Morris Osgood, '94.
Annie Louise Vinal, '94.
Eliza A. Bateman, '94.
Eleanor Vera Kellogg, '94.

There was an informal meeting of the Monroe Club on Saturday evening, in Elocution Hall. A number of guests were invited, and a delightful evening was spent. The elocutionist was Mrs. Washburn, of Boston.

The Beethoven Society will give a concert on Monday, December 14.

The long talked of fair for the benefit of the Record Association was held on Monday from 3 to 9 P.M. The second and third floor centres were bright with the pretty things which had been procured for the sale. There were all sorts of things; plates, cups and saucers, china of all kinds, and dainty doylies, and silk cushions, and even dolls. One of the most popular tables was the "Huylers," while the "funny table" proved almost as irresistible. It was a very convenient way to buy one's Christmas presents, and many fully appreciated this. Although perhaps the Record treasury is not as full as it ought to be, the Fair was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were there.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Lena M. MeMaster, '88, is teaching the History of Art at Mt. Holyoke college.

Miss Gertrude Mendenhall, '85, has been obliged to leave Bryn Mawr on account of illness.

Miss Agnes Stuart, '80–'84, the former secretary of the New York State Wellesley Association, has accepted a position in Chicago.

The home of Mrs. Mattie Merrill Craig, '83–'84, was burned to the ground Nov. 4th, and nearly everything in the house was destroyed. Mrs. Craig was rescued by Mr. Walter Green, brother of Miss Rebecca Green, '85, both of whom were visiting Mrs. Craig. Miss Green is teaching in San Bernardino, Cal.

Miss Mary Plant, '87–'89, writes us of a change in her address. The new one is 1930 Clinton avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

A meeting of the Philadelphia Wellesley Club was held Nov. 7th, at the home of Miss Rachel Sweatman, '79—'82. Seven classes were represented, as well as the special students. Students now in college, whose homes are in Philadelphia or vicinity, are invited to become members of the club.

The following letter is so full of news of The Wellesley Girls Abroad," that we copy it in full. It is dated from Berlin, Nov. 7: —

"Will you kindly insert in the Auld Acquaintance column of the Prelude my European

address for the coming year: Care The City Bank, Limited, London, England. I left America at rather short notice, and was unable to inform some of my friends, and would take this opportunity to let them know of my whereabouts.

At present I am with Miss Ethel Paton, '90, whose address for the year will be Magdeburger Plat 2, 4, III. Berlin, West. Miss Hattie Weaver, '89, and Miss Gertrude Nye, '85—'90, are other Wellesleyites who are spending the winter in Berlin. Miss Maryette Goodwin, '87, and Miss Carrie Spencer, '87, were here last week, and are now in Vienna for two or three months. I hope to see them in Italy in the spring. Mrs. Stevens, '88—'89, is President of the King's Daughters of the American Church in Berlin, and Miss Weaver is Secretary.

Miss Annie Knapp, '89—'91, and Miss Lamme, '89—'91, are in Munich. We hear from Miss Case at Menan, and Miss Nisba Breckinridge, '88, at Tours, where she is fitting her younger sister for college. Miss Smeallie, '86, is studying music at Frankfort.

I think I have furnished you all the European Wellesley news at my command. We are all loyal to alma mater, and interested in all her ways, in spite of separating lands and seas."

CAROLINE L. WILLIAMSON, '89.

The Alumnæ Editor is most grateful for this letter, and she hopes that others among the "auld acquaintance" may be prompted by their interest in it to go and do likewise.

BORN.

Aug. 27th, a daughter, Margherita, to Mrs. Gertrude Stevens Lewis, '81—'85.

In East Orange, N. J., Sept. 27th, a son, John Stewart, to Mrs. Mary Steele Ferris, a student at Wellesley, '84—'85.

OUR EXCHANGES:

The leading feature of this week's exchanges seems to be football. We tremble to think of the result, should athletics be banished wholly from their columns. The *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* opens with three articles on "Football at Dartmouth." The editor of "Exchanges" discusses at length the whole problem of college journalism at Wellesley and all questions incident thereto.

The readers of the exchanges will be glad to find on the reading-room table the *Oxford Magazine*, kindly placed there by Miss Bates. Its character and scope are very different from its companions, and as an exponent of Oxford University life, it will be found interesting to all.

One of the professors of Brown University is to meet the editorial board once a month for a discussion of the form and matter of light verse. Brown verse has always had an enviable reputation, and is constantly quoted by the exchanges. But "Michigan Verse" as we find it in the excellent number of the *Inlander* bids fair to rival the *Brownian*. "Kent Duniap's Song," says the *U. of M. Daily*, "should be set to music. It deserves a place in our *Carminia U. of M.* It needs only the inspiration of music to make it a popular college song."

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Scholarships have been abandoned at Columbia.

An English paper has started a foot-ball insurance company.

The University of Michigan will erect a Grecian temple as her contribution to the World's Fair.

The membership of Greek letter societies in American colleges is estimated at 75,000.

One of the customs peculiar to Oberlin is the opening of each recitation with prayer or a song.

Smith College is to reproduce the Passion Play. The music is imported as sung at Oberammergan, and will be rendered by a chorus. Several scenes taken from the actual play will be reproduced by the stereopticon.

The Czar has sent to Stanford University 800 specimens of rare minerals. In return for this gift, Mrs. Stanford intends to present a collection of California minerals to the St. Petersburg National Museum.

The *Palo Alto*, the paper of Stanford University, appeared the day the University opened. The first number so pleased Mrs. Stanford that she took fifty subscriptions to send to her friends.

A timid Chinese dined at Holyoke college. His laconic remark at leaving was, "Too much plenty girl."—*Ex.*

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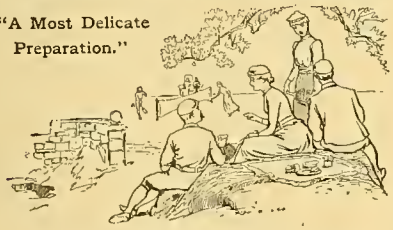

HAM SANDWICHES A LA PARISIENNE.

Between slices of thinly cut white bread spread a mixture of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham, finely chopped, hard-boiled eggs and cream sauce. Stamp out in round, oval, square or oblong shapes. Butter the tops. Sprinkle on one-half the number of sandwiches, finely chopped parsley and hard-boiled yolk of egg rubbed through a sieve, and on the other half parsley and white of egg chopped very fine.

Arrange tastefully and serve on small plates.

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